

WILL ASK FOR HOSPITAL FOR THIS COUNTY

MOVEMENT IS ON FOOT TO ASK THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS TO CALL AN ELECTION AT WHICH THE PEOPLE OF PUTNAM MAY DECIDE UPON QUESTION—LAW REQUIRES PETITION SIGNED BY 200.

NEED OF ONE ADMITTED

A movement is on foot among the local physicians to ask the county commissioners to call an election in Putnam county to decide the question of whether Putnam county should have a hospital. Under a state law the commissioners, if presented with a petition signed by 200 freeholders asking that an election be called to decide whether a hospital should be built or not, may call an election.

Many counties in Indiana have hospitals which have been built under the act. That Putnam county needs a hospital is an assured fact. Hundreds of operative and other cases are taken to the Indianapolis hospitals from Putnam county each year. With a small but modern hospital here, the necessity of moving patients for so long a distance would be avoidable.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ORDER.

Liner George Washington Must Be Ready to Sail on Short Notice.

Brest, June 3.—The liner George Washington, in which President Wilson has three times crossed the Atlantic, has been ordered by the President to be ready to sail on twelve hours' notice at any time after midnight, June 5.

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION NOW IN FORTY DAY SESSION

The Putnam county board of equalization, which will have the job of going over the Putnam county real estate assessments for the purpose of equalizing the assessments as made by the township assessors, are today beginning their work, which will extend over the next forty days. The board this year, because of the new tax law, will have a more difficult job than ordinarily. This year all real estate is supposed to have been assessed at its cash value.

The members of the board are as follows:

President—Paul Priest, county assessor.

Secretary—Joe M. Allen, county auditor.

County Treasurer Fred Masten, C. C. Hurst and John L. Bridges of Russell township.

NC-4 TO BE DISASSEMBLED AND SHIPPED BACK TO U. S.

Washington, June 3.—The American naval seaplane NC-4, which arrived at Plymouth, England, Saturday, thereby completing the first transatlantic flight, will not attempt a non-stop or any other kind of a flight back to the United States, Secretary Daniels said today. The seaplane will be disassembled and shipped to this country.

The secretary said the navy contemplated no attempt at a nonstop trans-ocean flight in the near future, as he navy did not desire to make a spectacular showing, was not in any competition for transatlantic flight honors and did not favor "stunt" flying.

Secretary Daniels declared that the navy is content to rest on its laurels for the present and that the NC-4 will be brought back to this country on board the U. S. S. Aroostook. The crews will return later on board government vessels.

CARD OF THANKS.

We thank all for their kindness, love and sympathy shown us in our deep sorrow during the illness and death of our devoted wife, mother and grandmother; Dr. Ayler, Mr. Hanna, Bethel choir and the pall bearers especially.

Mr. Spear Pittman and Children.

NEAR TORNADO CAUSES

DAMAGE AT NEWCASTLE

Newcastle, Ind., June 3.—One person was injured and property damage to the extent of several thousand dollars resulted from a windstorm that swept the southern part of this city late this afternoon. Julius Dargusch, 10 years old, was severely cut by broken glass and a number of people had narrow escapes.

The Maxwell Motor Company suffered a loss estimated at \$2,000 by J. E. Burns, manager of the plant, when the roof of the repair shop was lifted by the wind and carried for a distance of thirty feet, landing on several automobiles owned by employees of the company. The storm also did considerable damage to local greenhouses and reports from over the county show that the damage was great, although no estimate can be secured. Windmills, barns, orchards and small houses were razed by the storm which nearly approached a tornado.

The excitement in the city was intense as the tornado of March, 1917, in which twenty-four people were killed and in which there was a damage to property of over \$1,000,000, was recalled. Many people sought shelter in their cellars when trees were blown over and chairs, boards and step-ladders began flying through the air.

JOHN FRIEND MEETS

GREENCASLE BOY IN A

RED CROSS CANTEN

Miss Edna Murphy has received the following letter from John Friend:

May 18, 1919.

Dear Miss Murphy:

Here's a surprise for you. Yesterday I got a pass from school to go to Coblenz, and who should I meet in the Red Cross canteen but your brother. We had a good old Putnam county handshake and a chat about home folks. He sails for England toute suite with General Pershing to be reviewed by King George. I was in on that too until an order came in for me to report to the first division education center. I have been here now one week. I am taking machine drawing and mechanical drawing, and also civics. I like my work here fine. We drill only one hour, 7 till 8. I have drawing from 9 to 11 and civics from 1 to 2. We have real American teachers and real for-sure classrooms, a good library, a good Y. M. C. A. and a fine show house. Orzogh is quite a nice town of about five or ten thousand people. Well, I must close, hoping this finds you well and happy.

From your soldier friend,

JOHN FRIEND.

Co. A, 18th U. S. Inf.,
Am. E. F. Germany.

WAGING WAR ON

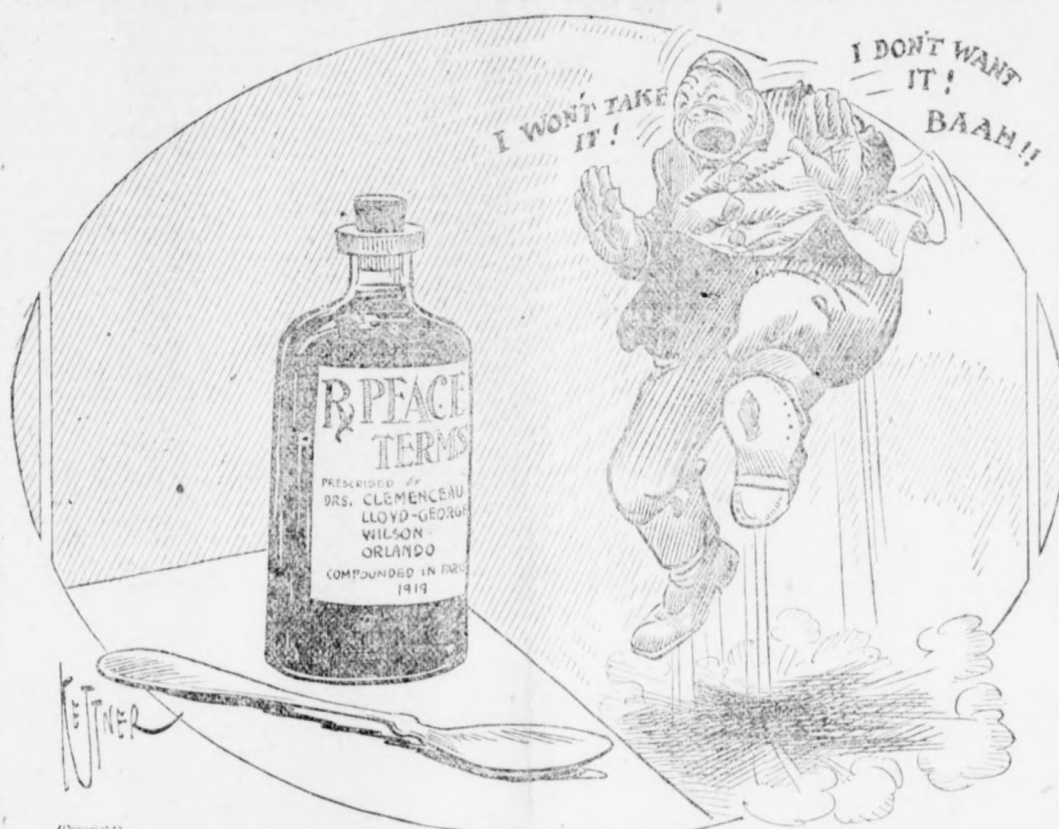
VENEREAL DISEASE

Indianapolis, June 3.—The bureau of venereal diseases is co-operating with the food and drug division in the campaign being waged by the Indiana state board of health against the employment of germ carriers in hotels, restaurants and public eating houses. The Indiana law prohibits the employment of infected persons for handling food for human consumption. The food and drug division is charged with enforcing this law. The bureau of venereal diseases, through its reporting and follow-up methods, is uncovering violations of the law in Indiana municipalities in that restaurants and lunch rooms are made the recruiting places for vice and often are operated more to entice men than to feed them.

In the case of Homer Bennett, who operated a restaurant at 220 Wabash avenue, Terre Haute, the ten girls employed as waitresses were called into the venereal disease clinic, as was the proprietor himself. The result was that eight of the girls were found to be infected. They admitted having made the restaurant a recruiting place for a resort also operated by Bennett. Bennett was prohibited from working in his own restaurant after a clinical examination revealed his physical condition. The result was that he closed his restaurant and left Terre Haute, according to the records of the bureau of venereal diseases.

Instances of the attempted use of the venereal disease clinics by persons seeking to qualify physically for places in which infected persons cannot be employed legally have come to the attention of Dr. William F. King, head of the bureau. The clinicians have accordingly been directed to guard carefully against such abuse of the purpose of the clinics.

Shake Well Before Taking



MANUAL TRAINING AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE EXHIBITS

WORK OF THE PUPILS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL VOCATIONAL TRAINING DEPARTMENTS PLACED ON DISPLAY IN G. H. S. GYMNASIUM TODAY.

MOST ATTRACTIVE PIECES

The 1919 high school manual training and domestic science exhibitions which began today in the high school gymnasium and manual training rooms is proving to be a Mecca for Greencastle townspeople. A large crowd witnessed the articles on display today and a still larger number is expected tomorrow for the closing day of the exhibition.

Prof. Bert Knight, director of the manual training department, and Miss Mary Cammack, teacher of domestic science in the high school, have received numerous compliments on the work of the students and all visitors have stated that the exhibition this year far surpasses the previous exhibitions formerly held in downtown store rooms.

The dresses made by the domestic science girls adorn the walls of the rooms, while the tables, chairs, cedar cloth boxes and other projects made by the boys taking manual training occupy the center of the large gymnasium floor. Probably the largest piece made under the direction of Mr. Knight is a magnificent china closet which was made to fit in the domestic science rooms on the third floor of the high school building. The closet is over ten feet long and if bought at a furniture store would cost about \$125. Edward Wright, a member of the junior class, with the assistance of several of the lower classmen, completed the closet.

Other pieces of note are a large, beautiful oak dining table made by Leonidas McNeilly, a bedroom suite made by George Beemer and candle-labras turned out by freshmen boys on the new electrical turning machines which were recently installed.

One of the features of this year's exhibition will be the awarding of the James Beverly Lucas prize of \$10 for first, and one second of \$5 to the best two pieces of work made by any student of this year's freshman class. The prize is offered by Mr. and Mrs. Ferd Lucas as a memorial for their son, James, deceased, who would have graduated from high school with the class of 1922. A committee is now looking over the work done by the students and a report as to the winners will be given out the latter part of this week.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

The sophomore members of the high school enjoyed a marshmallow roast given at the home of Miss Myrtle McFarland Monday evening, north of town. The party was the last social function to be held by the second year class this year.

The exhibition of the art department under the direction of Miss Frances Brian, given with the domestic science and manual training exhibitions is one of the most worthy ever given by the art department. The south wall of the gymnasium room is covered with the work done by the art students. The beautiful hand-made heads made by the students have caused quite favorable comment from the many people who are attending the exhibitions.

Wayne Gillen, Bertram Huestis, Robert Graham and Philip Maxwell, students of the high school, were pall bearers at the funeral of John Rocky, who was drowned Friday afternoon in Big Walnut. The burial was in the Poland cemetery.

Thursday evening the high school alumni will hold a banquet in the domestic science department rooms. About twenty members of the 1919 class will attend the big feed.

The high school annuals arrived this morning from the Stafford Engraving Company, of Indianapolis. The books were distributed to the 200 students who have subscribed for them this afternoon at the close of the school. The books are beautifully bound and are a fitting representation of the graduating class.

RED CROSS PEACE PROJECTS

Red Cross dogs have saved the lives of one-tenth of the rescued wounded soldiers.

From the first of June films showing the present work of the Red Cross overseas and the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers will be available at the headquarters office, 2157 Euclid Avenue, Chicago. Motion picture managers, Red Cross chapter workers and interested school and church officers can help inform the public on the work the Red Cross is doing by giving these films wide circulation. Orders are being received now at division headquarters for June showings.

Over 30,000 Americans who served with the British army are now returning home—being cheered at Red Cross canteens with the other soldiers. Military and civilian relief workers are ready with any assistance they can give to these men. Home service workers are helping them get their back pay, travel pay and subsistence money through the nearest British consul.

ANARCHISTS USE BOMBS IN 8 CITIES

MISSIVE INTENDED FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL A. MITCHELL PALMER KILLS THE PERPETRATOR—HOME OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL IN WASHINGTON WRECKED.

NIGHT WATCHMAN KILLED

Washington, June 3.—Washington police inspectors said today that they believed they had identified the man who was blown to pieces last night in an effort to kill Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer with a bomb as an anarchist of Philadelphia. They also said they were confident the nationwide plot against the lives of government officials and prominent business men had been laid in Philadelphia.

A blood-stained conductor's identification ticket found in front of the Palmer home early today showed that the anarchist arrived in Washington at 10:30 o'clock last night from Philadelphia. He went direct from the union station to the Palmer home and only a few minutes before the explosion he was seen by C. S. Briggs, of Marion, S. C., alighting from a street car a few blocks away.

Washington, June 3.—Widespread bomb explosions last night, apparently a sequel to the unsuccessful May Day outrages, when infernal machines were mailed broadcast from New York to government officials and men prominent in public life, are believed by officials here to be another move in an anarchist movement for the overthrow of organized government in the United States, rumors of which were said to have been brought to the attention of members of Congress and department of justice officials months ago.

Cities in which explosions occurred were New York, Washington, Cleveland, Pittsburgh (two), Philadelphia (two), Boston, Paterson and Newtonville, Mass.

"Class War Is On." Evidence that the plot was carefully planned was contained in a pamphlet found in the home of A. Mitchell Palmer, attorney-general, whose home in the fashionable district here was partly wrecked by a bomb. The pamphlet warned that "a time has come when the social question's solution can be delayed no longer, class war is on and can not cease but with a complete victory for the international proletariat."

The pamphlet, one of a large number scattered about after the bomb that had been intended to destroy Mr. Palmer prematurely exploded and

blew to bits the author of the crime, was signed "The Anarchistic Fighters," and undoubtedly was intended as a signal to show the reign of terrorism was on.

Watchman Killed.

Although apparently intended to do greater damage, the latest bomb explosion, from a standpoint of loss of life seems to have been little more successful than those of May 1. None of the persons against whom the plot apparently was made was injured. In New York a night watchman was killed. As in the May Day attempts, the bomb plot last night was directed in a majority of cases against public officials in various cities, men who have been active in suppression of organized lawlessness. As there was little difference in the time between the explosions, with the exception of that in Washington, the police and government agents believe the instruments of destruction were timed to explode at about the same hour.

In Front Entrance.

The fact that wearing apparel not belonging there and anarchistic literature were found at the Palmer home indicated to the police that the bomb exploded just as the dynamiter took it from the suitcase in the front entrance to the building. This premature disarrangement of plans explained why the explosion here was so much ahead of those in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

Copies of the pamphlet, bearing the caption "Plain Talk," are in possession of the police and department of justice officers and may possibly provide the only clue to the identity of the plotters. Printed on what likely was intended to be red paper, the pamphlets bear no distinguishing marks, however, and might easily have been printed in any small print shop.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING FOR MANY DISABLED SOLDIERS

During the last three months 3,735 disabled soldiers in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky applied for some form of vocational training to fit them for future usefulness, according to the latest monthly report to Congress made by the federal board for vocational education.

American Red Cross home service workers report that soldier boys in almost every city and town in the three states are studying some new profession or trade which will make it possible for them to earn in most cases more money than they were able to make before the war. In training the disabled men the federal board makes use of schools nearest the soldier's home to supply the kind of education he desires. Everything from barbering to law is included in the category of studies Lake Division boys are taking.

RED CROSS LOCATES MANY MEN "MISSING IN ACTION"

Hundreds of men reported missing in action, 958 of them to be exact, have been found since the first of May through the efforts of the Red Cross department of military relief in the three army camps in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky.

Red Cross workers in the camps, say reports sent to Lake Division headquarters in Cleveland, O., have questioned men of each organization that comes into the camp to be demobilized as to what they know of their comrades still reported missing. The search has been successful beyond all expectations.

Often someone has seen a "missing man" go into action, go over the top, hit by shell, taken to some definite hospital. Whatever has become of these lost men, American Red Cross camp service workers manage to find out all about it.

In Camp Sherman (O.) definite news of 464 men has been obtained. In Camp Taylor (Ky.) news of 486, and in Fort Benjamin Harrison (Ind.) news of 8. Each instance means that some family has been relieved of the suspense of agonized waiting for news through the work of the Red Cross men.

Twenty-four hours after the signing of the armistice the American Red Cross had established relief stations at every point in Bulgaria, Turkey and Macedonia over which the innocent victims of the war were likely to come. The stream of refugees has not yet ceased, and the work of the Red Cross still goes on.

COMMISSIONERS GRANT WALLACE \$2,400 A YEAR

ACTION OF THE BOARD IN SESSION ON MONDAY CONCLUDES ACTION STARTED BY TOWNSHIP TRUSTEES—IS GIVEN UNDER A NEW LAW.

FORMERLY GOT \$1,400 YEAR

The Putnam county commissioners, in session on Monday, granted the petition of 400 Putnam county taxpayers, representing every township in the county, which asked that the salary of the county superintendent of instruction, Frank Wallace, be increased to \$2,400 a year. Up to this time Mr. Wallace has received \$1,400 a year for his services, which was less in many instances than the wage paid school teachers.

The increase is given under an act passed by the recent session of the legislature. After a majority of the township trustees, who elect the county superintendent, sign a petition asking that the salary of the superintendent be increased, then a petition signed by 400 freeholders, representing each township in the county, must together with the petition of the trustees be presented to the commissioners for final ruling.

This petition was presented to the commissioners on Monday and they granted the increase. The increase becomes effective from and after its passage by the commissioners.

Mr. Wallace's petition was signed by twelve of the fourteen township trustees and by approximately 500 freeholders. The commissioners were unanimous in their vote on the granting of the petition.

DEPAUW ELECTS BASEBALL AND TRACK CAPTAINS

John Cartwright and Robert Mason will lead the Tiger baseball and track teams, respectively, next year as a result of their elections today. The election was held by the letter men of both squads for this season at a meeting in the gymnasium. Both men are members of the junior class this year and both were prominent in Tiger sports this season. Cartwright just completed his second season at short and finished the schedule as high-run man of the nine. Cartwright plays a spectacular game in the field.

Mason broke into the limelight for the first time this spring on the track. As a dash man he took more first than any other member of the squad. He won both the 100 and 220 in all meets but the state meet. He also copped a first in the 440 against Indiana and Franklin. Mason placed fourth in the 120-yard dash at the state meet after a two-yard handicap and pulled down third in the 220 dash. Cartwright lives at Delphi and Mason hails from Greencastle.

Letter men for the two squads were announced today by E. C. Buss, athletic director, following receipt of recommendations from Coaches Buchheit and Conklin of the track and baseball teams respectively. Eleven track "D's" were awarded as follows: Capt. Bastian, Mason, Proud, Shoptaugh, Lampert, Cline, Jones, B. Guild, Moffett, Weathers and Canady. Eight baseball men received the coveted letters, including Captain Julien, Cartwright, M. Guild, Ienbacher, Bastian, Davis, B. Guild and Stephenson. Crose, Davis and Borders were awarded "R's" for service on the track squad and Donner, Tuhey and Kinsey received "R's" for baseball.

HOG RECEIPTS, 12,000; STEADY TO 10C HIGHER

—June 3—
Arrivals of live stock at the Indianapolis stockyards Tuesday were 12,000 hogs, 1,300 cattle, 500 calves and 350 sheep. Hog prices were steady to 10c higher, with most of the sales 5c higher at \$20.40 to \$20.55. Local packers bought 5,500, outsiders 6,500. Cattle were weak, calves slow and sheep steady.

HERALD

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at the Greencastle, Ind., postoffice

Charles J. Arnold.....Proprietor

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Cards of Thanks.

Cards of Thanks are chargeable at
a rate of 50c each.

Obituaries.

All obituaries are chargeable at the
rate of \$1 for each obituary. Addi-
tional charge of 5c a line is made for
all poetry.

In the store had called him, a foot-
ball that both men had called him a fool;
that Ronas had called him a donkey,
a pack-mule, an old woman, and he had
been cut by Ronas, all for what? In
this confused state of mind he
stumbled.

With a jerk he caught his balance,
but the pain that darted through his
leg seemed to strike his brain and fire
his indignation.

"I am a fool!" he exclaimed, stop-
ping suddenly. Then, after a moment,
he spoke again, but slowly and with
strange solemnity:

"I will be no more a fool!"

Decision was the motor-power of
Oyon. To decide was to do. He had
made a decision, and he sprang for-
ward into a long, swift stride, all
thought of his wound vanished.

As he walked faster and faster a
new light glowed in his eyes, and his
head was stiff and stern above his
broad shoulders.

Soon he came in sight of his hut,
and a little farther on he saw Patna
tending the sheep. But there was not
the old light in his eyes that had al-
ways greeted the sight of his wife.

Swiftly he strode up to her, seized
her by the wrist and dragged her to-
ward the canon!

Patna stared in bewilderment at
this man who looked so like her hus-
band, yet acted so strangely.

Then she saw the new light in his
eyes and the proud, determined pose
of his head, and her bewilderment
turned to awe.

She ceased to pull back. Some new
emotion seemed struggling within her
and yielding, she followed him,
scarcely feeling the grip of his power-
ful hand on her wrist.

When they came to the edge of the
canon, Oyon took the package from
beneath his jacket.

"See!" he exclaimed sharply, as he
showed her the pink roses.

Then he threw the package far out,
and as it dropped to the depths he
spoke, his voice calm, yet determined:
"I am not a donkey and a pack-
mule. I do not the errands of old
women. I am no fool. I am the
master of my house!" Copyright,
The Frank A. Munsey Co.

Mink Farm Latest in Fur Production

Portland, Me.—P. C. Tibbets of this
city proposes to breed mink for the
pelt. He has studied the mink for
years, has corresponded with produc-
ers of mink and purchasers of mink
hides. He finds that mink fur is a
very desirable sort of fur. Not only is
it warm, but it is smooth and of fine
texture and has remarkable heat pro-
ducing qualities.

It has also been demonstrated to
him that the mink will thrive in Maine,
or at least it should thrive there. The
climate and soil conditions, he says,
are just right for the mink and the
best spot in Maine is down on Deer
Island, Casco Bay. It is there he pro-
poses to establish his mink farm.

It may surprise folks to know that
the mink is a highly civilized animal.
In many respects he bears a marked
resemblance to the human family.

Most people have a notion that the
mink prefers a hole in the ground as
a place of abode to anything else in
the world. Perhaps the thought! Tib-
bets says it is not so. His say-so is
backed up by his investigations and
years of study of the mink family.

He says that given his choice be-
tween a hole in the ground and a box
filled with clean straw, the mink will
decide in favor of the box. Likewise,
once having set up housekeeping in the
box the mink family will never make
the error of crawling into any other
box. They know their own box from
the box of any other mink family. This
is something worth knowing about
mink.

Tibbets has found that ranch bred
mink are the best with which to start
a mink farm. He says they are hardy
and reproduce rapidly. He feels that
the venture will prove a success. A
good mink pelt is worth from \$5 to

A GUN MAN

By James B. Hendryx.

GUN MEN AGAIN ACTIVE

Double Murder on Crowded Street—
Murderer Escapes.

That the gun men of New York
have renewed activities after the tem-
porary period of quiescence following
the Rosenthal affair was made evi-
dent last evening when two men
were shot down in plain sight of hun-
dreds of pedestrians near the corner
of Nineteenth Street and Seventh
Avenue.

The victims, Bruno Anderson and
a man called the "Rabbit," swung out
of Seventh Avenue in a large touring
car and drew up to the curb. Instantly
a man stepped up to the machine,
and drawing an automatic pistol, fired
four shots in rapid succession, every
one of which took effect in the bodies
of his victims. During the excite-
ment following the shooting the murder-
er made his escape.

Anderson was instantly killed, and
the Rabbit expired as he was being
lifted into an ambulance; not, how-
ever, before he had managed to gasp
the name of the "Pepper Kid," a no-
torious gunman and a member of the
Red Mike gang.

Little is known of the Rabbit, but
the fact that Anderson was a political
henchman of Alderman Mulvaney has
electrified the police to unwonted ac-
tivity, and the dragnet was immedi-
ately spread for this notorious gangster.

If Miss Roxie Knowlton had not
come face to face with and instantly
recognized the Pepper Kid on Twenty-
Third Street that pleasant winter af-
ternoon, the above would not have ap-
peared in the columns of the Wireless,
and this story would never have been
written. But Miss Knowlton did meet
the Pepper Kid; subsequently the police
did go on a still hunt for the right man.
For, as will appear, the Pepper
Kid had, with neatness and despatch,
personally conducted the bumping of
Anderson and the man known as the
Rabbit.

Under the expanding influence of
the warming sun the Kid unthinkingly
allowed his footsteps to carry him into
the prescribed district. He sauntered
leisurely north on Broadway and be-
came suddenly aware of the proximity
of Cronin—big, red-faced, bull-necked
Duck Cronin, who served the common-
wealth more or less faithfully in a ca-
pacity which had intimately to do with
Pepper Kids and their ilk. It would
be impossible to explain how the Kid
became aware of Cronin's approach.

He neither saw nor heard him, but by
the exercise of that sixth sense—the
sense of danger—which is as incom-
prehensible as it is undeveloped in the
mental economy of the law abiding,
the near presence of that minion of
the law was known to him long before
the latter had even the faintest suspi-
cion of a rift in the dead-line.

At Twenty-Third Street he dodged
swiftly around the corner and into violent
collision with the person of Miss
Roxie Knowlton; whereas divers and
sundry small bundles were scattered
over the sidewalk. The Pepper Kid
was in a hurry; nevertheless, he
stopped, dropped to his knees, and set
about collecting the parcels from
among the feet of the multitude. For
the Pepper Kid was not an average citi-
zen—he was an outlaw. Having se-
cured the parcels and wiped the dust
from their wrappings, he encountered
the dark-blue eyes of their owner—
eyes that regarded him half frighten-
edly from the delicately molded fea-
tures that showed all too white be-
neath the wide trim of her cheap hat.
There was something appealing in her
expression—a certain vulnerability, re-
centrated rather than offset by the
frankly amused twitching at the cor-
ners of her lips. The Pepper Kid be-
came conscious of a momentary flash
of premeditation—a fleeting, intangible
glitter of short, stiff skirts and tight-
braided pistols.

"Oh, thank you so much! Why,
Eddie Grantley!" she cried, her eyes
alight with excitement. Passers-by
turned to glance at these two—the
eager-eyed girl and the clean-cut, seri-
ous-faced young man.

At the sound of the name the Pepper
Kid started. The movement was al-
most imperceptible, and the carefully
trained muscles of the face gave no in-
dication of surprise. The momentary
flash developed into a succession of
clear-cut pictures which raced through
his brain with the logical sequence of
a moving-picture film. With a smile
he replaced his hat.

"I beg your pardon, Miss—Miss—"
He nearly said Miss Knowlton. "You
are evidently mistaken. My name is
not Grantley."

"And never was?" The question
flashed from smiling lips, although the
blue eyes were serious. The Pepper
Kid flushed.

"And never was," he repeated
softly. The eyes which gazed into
his never wavered and his lips did
not smile. Without waiting for a re-
ply, he hurried away and was lost in
the crowd.

It was a far cry from the little girl
in the back of the car to the man
who had just been talking to her.

whose parcels were sent flying that
day on Twenty-Third Street.

Her father Judge Knowlton, had
by injudicious speculation dissipated
his fortune and died penniless. Her
scapaceous brother, having strained to
the snapping-point all that remained
of the family credit, decamped for
parts unknown, leaving Roxie to shift
for herself. Possessing a fair educa-
tion and a vast amount of family
pride, that sensitive young lady,
rather than endure the pain of the
purring words and padded claws of
her fellow townspeople, packed her be-
longings and journeyed cityward with
brave independence and the avowed
determination (woefully vague and in-
definite as to ways and means) of
earning her daily bread.

For two weary months prior to her
inadvertent meeting with the Pepper
Kid she had vainly sought employ-
ment. Weeks had passed since that
meeting, and the incident, trivial as
it may seem, served only to increase
her wretchedness. Each day as she
wearily trudged the streets her tired
eyes eagerly sought the faces of the
throng.

There was no money left in the lit-
tle silver mesh-bag—in fact, there
was no little silver mesh-bag—and two
of her rings were missing from the
quaint, oblong jewel-case in the tray
of her trunk. Necessity had driven
her to the pawn-shops, and one by one
her precious trinkets—little love gifts
of the happier days—were exchanged
for cabulate tickets and a few paltry
dollars.

There was little of interest to the
gently reared girl in the lives of her
fellow boarders in the cheap Nineteenth
Street lodging-house. Shop-
girls for the most part they were, with
a few low-salaried stenographers, a
tired-eyed seamstress or two—and
Miss Katherine McCabe.

During the brief week that Miss
McCabe had been among them she had
managed to inculcate herself into the
good graces and confidence of all. Es-
pecially did she curry favor with those
who were seeking employment. It was
whispered about that she was a clerk
model at Wessel's.

"Thirty-five a week," one girl whis-
pered to Roxie. "Gee, wish I was
rich!"

An experienced observer might
have noted a certain hardness in the
lines of her face, and also that Miss
McCabe sported far too many dia-
monds, and a wardrobe entirely dis-
proportionate to the possibilities of
even the fabulous thirty-five a week.
But the Nineteenth Street house was
not the abode of experienced observ-
ers. To most of the girls twelve a
week spelled wealth, and beyond
two anything was possible.

Miss McCabe took a special fancy
to Roxie Knowlton, and tactfully drew
her into long conversations, during
the course of which the homesick girl
poured into her sympathetic ears the
whole story of her misfortunes, not
omitting her discouraging search for
employment and her meeting with Ed-
die Grantley.

The Pepper Kid was a conscientious
peruser of newspapers. At the begin-
ning of his New York career he had
carefully selected his sheet, and each
day methodically read every word that
appeared in its columns. No article
was too dry and no bit of news too
insignificant to elude his attention. He
did this not for any pleasure or
amusement to be derived therefrom,
nor for any innate tendency toward
bookishness, but for pure business
motives. For, he knew, although a
criminal, the Pepper Kid was pre-
eminently a business man. He had
come up through the ranks of the
yeggs to his present position of gang-
ster and gun man, and because he put
brains into his business he was suc-
cessful. He studied conditions and
acted accordingly. A close observer
of human nature, he watched the ca-
reers of others and profited by their
mistakes. He early learned that
ninety-nine out of every hundred fail-
ures in the ranks of professional crim-
inals were directly traceable to one or
more of their four cardinal failings—
gambling, whisky, dope, and women.
Therefore, he refrained from these
and prospered.

He can hardly be accused of choos-
ing his callings; rather it had been
 thrust upon him. At the age of thir-
teen he had been committed to the
reform school by an unsympathetic
and overzealous judge for refusing to
"smile" on his pals in the matter of
a boyish theft. Four years later he
escaped from that institution with a
minute working knowledge of the de-
tails of almost every branch of crim-
inal endeavor. He learned to weigh
the chances and balance them against
the probable returns of dips, skush-
men, skunk-workers, peternam, hold-
ups, and con men—and then he vent-
ured to work—became a professional
criminal because it was the only business
for which his environment and train-
ing had fitted him that promised any-
thing like adequate returns for the ex-
penditure of brains and energy. And so,
at the age of twenty-six, we find the
Pepper Kid living rather expen-
sively, with a bank-account of some
six thousand dollars to his credit, and
thinks to the credulity of the powers
that be, and the availability of a gen-
erous fatherly fund, reasonably se-
cure from official interference so long
as he remained on the shady side of
the dead-line.

With the moral or ethical aspect of
his case the Kid never bothered. He
was not one to affirm that society
owed him a living and he intended to
get it, for he firmly believed this. He
earned his competence just as truly
as the hod-carrier on the banker may
be said to earn theirs.

Thus it was that the Pepper Kid
read with a smile the following per-
sonal which appeared in the Wireless:

If Mr. Eddie Grantley will commu-
cate with Miss R. K. No. — West
Nineteenth Street, he will learn some-
thing of the greatest importance to
himself.

Thereafter he read each succeeding
insertion, but with the passing of the
days the smile faded. What was her
game? he asked himself. The wistful,
half-frightened eyes; the frankly smil-
ing lips, and the note of genuine de-
light in her voice as she recognized
him haunted his memory in spite of
his desire to forget the incident. She
was straight—a girl of another world
than his. Was it a frame-up? He
decided that it was not. A girl with
eyes like hers would not stand for a
frame-up. More and more his
thoughts recurred to the girl with the
haunting eyes. Day by day he read
her personal and racked his brain for
an answer. What could she, whose
training and environment had been all
that his had not, possibly know that
would be of importance to him—the
gun man? He thought of her by the
hour, considering the matter from
every slant and angle, and grew ab-
stracted and preoccupied. He began
to view with disgust, where before he
had accepted with indifference, the
hard eyes and painted faces of the
stone-clippers, gun-molls, and worse—the
woman of his acquaintance. A
dozen times he was on the point of
going to her, but always he changed
his mind. A man never knew what
he was going up against when he be-
gan chasing a moll. Each morning
her personal stared him in the face—
and always in his mind was the ques-
tion—why?

Then suddenly and by accident he
found out. The world swam red be-
fore his eyes, and in the place of the
calculating criminal there sprang into
being a man of red blood who thirsted
for vengeance—for vengeance and the
right to strike for the protection of a
woman—for the honor of all women
—which had been from his life a thing
apart.

It came about in this wise:

Seated in a small wine-room at the
rear of an inconspicuous little cafe on
Rivington Street, the Pepper Kid
smoked thoughtfully and sipped vichy.
The door of an adjoining apartment
opened, and there was a scraping of
chairs as the newcomers seated them-
selves. There was nothing extraor-
dinary in the sound, and the Kid, from
force of long habit, tilted his chair
against the wall, removed the picture
of a young woman in alluring disha-
bille, and applied his ear to a tiny hole
in the thin partition. On the other
side some one was speaking to an evi-
dently interested listener. The voices
said:

"And the whole job won't take over
an hour. What do you say?"

"What's the lay?"

"You come in and I'll tell you all
you need to know. There's no risk.
You know where I stand with the
bills."

"Oh, well, I suppose I gotta. I
need the kale." The Pepper Kid re-
cognized the two by their voices, and
his lips curled in disgust as his mind
dwelt upon their vocation. He was
about to replace the picture and re-
turn to his meditations, when the
next words of the speaker galvanized
him to intense alertness. He strained
his ear closer to the hole as the man
continued:

"It's easy. She's a boob moll from
upstate and there's no one to set up
a holler. She rooms up on Nineteenth
Street. She's Kate picked her out to
be. Kate's in the house posing as a
cloak model. Now listen; her name's
Knowlton—Roxie Knowlton—don't
forget it, and her nerve's about gone
hunting a job. A while back she runs
into a guy on the street that she recog-
nizes as a kid from her home town
that her father—he was a judge, but
he's dead now—sent up for lifting
some goods. Later her brother owns
up to the job, and the old man figures
on getting the other kid out; but in
the mean time he's broke a window.
When she meets this guy he tells her
he's a crook, and then he blows. Since
then she's trying to locate him to tell
him everything's squared up and
there's a pardon waiting for him back
home. The guy's name's Eddie Grant-
ley—here's her personal in the Wire-
less. Well, what if this way: Slag
Kate'll get her into the car on a pre-
tense of taking her to meet Grantley.
You're a friend of his, and she'll sit
in the front between you and Kate.
I'm the chauffeur. We'll make straight
for Wong Lee's. She won't suspect
anything until she's through so many
doors no one will hear if she does
raise a racket. Then I collect five
hundred bucks of the chink. You
get your hundred, Slag Kate gets
hers, and so do I, and old Wong Lee
gets a brand-new wife—see?"

As stated in the newspaper story of
the following morning, the dragnet
was spread for the Pepper Kid, and
that astute gentleman of the under-
world was in hiding. To have sought
safety in any of the numerous hang-
outs of the gang would have invited
disaster, for, in the bumping off of
Anderson and the Rabbit, he had
brought down the wrath of the police
upon the heads of the whole gang. The
Pepper Kid smiled grimly as he sipped
his vichy and puffed his cigarette over
the morning paper in the little hide-
out over on Doyers Street, the lo-
cation of which was as much a mys-
tery to the gangsters as it was to
the police and detectives.

On the second day following the
shooting he summoned a messenger
and withdrew his money from the
bank. Then he read the papers, sipped
vichy, and smoked cigarettes until
evening when he ordered a taxi.

"No. — West Nineteenth Street,"
he called to the chauffeur, and, enter-
ing the machine, settled back against
the cushions.

"Gee! If a man had a girl like her
to care for—and if she cared for
him—" he murmured. "I remember
when she wasn't more than so high!"

He stretched out his hand, reminis-
cently raising and lowering it to the ex-
actitude of an inch. "It wasn't her
fault that her brother and father threw
it into me—she's white! This burg
is no place for her. She has got to go
back home—now—to-night!" The car
drew up to the curb and with a curt
"Wait," the Pepper Kid hurriedly
crossed the sidewalk and entered the
vestibule of the boarding-house. The
door opened in response to his ring
and he was ushered into a musty par-
lor of shabby red plush furniture and
a worn green carpet with its faded
path of sickly yellow leading from the
door to the sag-bottomed sofa. The
Pepper Kid prided himself upon the
fact that he was always master of the
situation. All of his "jobs" were care-
fully premeditated, plotted, checked
over, and replotted, so that when the
time for action came he went about
his work with a mathematical pre-
cision that made for success. Of
course there were hitches—times
when unforeseen circumstances clash-
ed with and upset his carefully cal-
culated law of probabilities. But in
these instances his clear brain and
native resourcefulness were thrown
into the breach. He had faced capture
and sudden death a score of times, but
always with the utmost assurance of
his ability to win out—and he always
did.

But here in the peaceful quiet of
the musty old boarding-house parlor,
confronted by a smiling slip of a girl
with haunting blue eyes who was ex-
tending her hands toward him—both
hands—in a gesture of undivided
friendliness, he, the Pepper Kid—
"notorious gun-man and gangster"—
the papers had called him—was, for the
first time in his life, utterly helpless—
absolutely at the mercy of the un-
sophisticated "boob moll" from up-
state. His hands closed over hers aw-
wardly, and at the touch he felt the
hot blood mount to his cheeks. He
heard, as from a distance, his own
voice utter words of greeting, and felt
her soft, cool hands being withdrawn
from his grasp. They were seated
now and she was talking in her frank
and friendly way:

"I am sorry you were sick. I was
waiting for your friend to call for me
when the most dreadful thing hap-
pened. An auto drew up to the door,
and we thought, of course, it was him;
when all of a sudden, as the man
alighted from the machine, another
stepped to his side, and there followed
four sharp reports. We were watching
from the window and, oh, I can see it
yet—the long, thin streaks of flames,
like lightning! There was no shouting,
no cry of any kind, only the sound
of the shots—two, and then two more,
and the two dark forms, one on the
sidewalk and the other huddled limp
against the steering-wheel. Then the
scrape of hurrying feet, the sharp rap
of the policeman's club on the side-
walk, a confused babel of voices, and
the going of the ambulance. I thought
your friend had been murdered, and
wanted to rush downstairs, but Kath-
erine would not let me. She turned
out the light and began feverishly to
undress. At breakfast next morning
they said she had gone. The papers
stated that the murder was the result
of a criminal feud of some kind."

"Yes," assented the man, "nearly
an affair among criminals." If there
was a touch of bitterness in his voice
the girl, who had no knowledge of the
facts, failed to notice.

"And now, Eddie, that you have
come, what do you think I have to
tell you?"

"That is what I came to hear."

"You remember what you told me
that day on the street?"

"Yes, I remember," he nodded. She
continued eagerly:

"What if somebody should tell you
that it was all a mistake? That another
confessed to the crime for which my
father sentenced you?" She paused,
and as he made no reply, continued,
leading toward him, her eyes alight:

"Oh, Eddie, don't you realize what it
means? That you aren't a criminal as
people have always supposed? That
you need never again be ashamed of
your name? You should be proud of
it. I think it was grand—you taking
the blame to shield the others? You
see, I have always wanted to find you
—to be the first to tell you of this,
because—long afterward Harry con-
fessed to the theft. Aren't you glad?"

The man was looking at her with an
intensity that was disconcerting, and
it seemed a long time before he re-
plied:

"Yes, very, very, glad to know that
you do not believe me to be a criminal.
I would be the happiest man alive if I
thought that I were entitled to — to
your regard." The words fell slowly
from his lips—slowly and vibrant in
their intensity. The girl wondered at
the suppressed feeling they implied,
and at the strange longing in the
depths of his eyes. Her gaze fell
before his. She blushed furiously and
was at a loss for a reply. Presently
he spoke in a more even tone:

"Miss Knowlton, will you tell me
why you are here?" At the end of a
half-hour she finished, bravely choking
back a dry sob that spoke more elo-
quently than words of the nerve-
wrack of her despair.

"And these investments of your
father's—do you know anything about
them?" She shook her head.

"No, father never spoke to me of
business matters. I only know that
there was almost nothing left."

"Well, it so happens that I do
know." The girl looked at him in

astonishment as he continued: "Quite
by accident I discovered that your
father had been fleeced by a gang of
Wall Street crooks. I bore no love for
Judge Knowlton, but, after meeting
you that day, I put two and two to-
gether. Then I confronted these men
in their office and forced them to dis-
gorge. I had no trouble in doing this
because they have been mixed up in
so many shady transactions that a
word would put the authorities on
their trail. They turned over to me
something over six thousand dollars."

The Pepper Kid lied bravely and
plausibly, and the girl in the chair
opposite hung wide-eyed upon his
words.

His hand sought an inner pocket of
his coat and came forth grasping a
thick packet of crisp yellow bills
which he laid upon his knee and rifled
with his thumb as he talk to her
earnestly:

"Now, please, listen to me. New
York is no place for you. You are just
a little girl. You don't know the game.
You don't fit! Take this money and go
back home—back to God's country—
to the green hills and the people who
are your friends. Will you go to-
night?" The girl was sobbing openly
now, great shaking sobs that welled
forth big, hot tears which reduced the
tiny square of lace and linen to a
damp, crumpled rag in her hand. "Will
you?" The man regarded her with
tight-pressed lips and clenched hands.

"Yes! Oh, yes, I will go! If you
only knew how discouraged and home-
sick I am—but, somehow, I think you
do know. Oh, how can I ever thank
you?" She laid her hand upon his
arm and, with a strange flutter at her
breast, felt the strong muscles tighten
under her touch. His breath came
rapidly.

"Don't try. Just remember me as
a—friend."

"Remember me! Why, aren't you
coming? The old town is your home,
too, and everybody knows about the
pardon. And we—I mean you—" She
stopped abruptly in confusion and the
rich color mounted to her face.

"No, I cannot go — yet." The man
replied almost gruffly, and seizing the
little white hand crushed it to his lips.
He forced the yellow packet upon her
and consulted his watch.

"Come, you must pack. You have
just three-quarters of an hour." Twenty
minutes later he stood on the curb
and handed her into the taxi.

"But you will come and see me,
won't you?" There was an odd catch
in the girl's voice as she searched the
face, half-shaded from the light of the
street-lamp by the brim of his soft felt
hat.

"Yes—some day—maybe—in the
mean time I wish you to keep this—to
remember me by." He smiled as he
detached a very thin jeweled watch
from its chain and tossed it into her
lap. Before she could reply he closed
the door and turned to the chauffeur:
"Grand Central. And see her safely
aboard her train." He handed the man
a yellow bill—his last.

There was an unwonted droop to
his shoulders as he watched the re-
treating car. As it rounded the corner
he caught the fleeting glimpse of a
white face pressed to the glass. He
removed his hat, ran his fingers slowly
through his thick brown curls,
breathed deeply of the night air, and
turned—squarely into the arms of big
Back Cronin!

He stood upon the exact spot where
two nights before, he had watched the
body of The Rabbit crumple slowly to
the sidewalk.

"He's-a-d!" The sound roared
hulkily from the ball throat of the
detective as he seized the unresisting
arms of the Pepper Kid in a vice-like
grip. "So it's you, is it, Kid? And right
glad I am to meet ye. This'll be a fine
feather in my cap, and the whole force
on the jump to gather ye in." The
prisoner smiled calmly into the heavy
eyes of the big sleuth.

"Aw, cut the rough, Buck—I ain't
beeled. Here, slip the bracelets and
he stretched out his hands for the
irons.

"Tell me one thing, Kid," said the
officer as they walked side by side to-
ward the main thoroughfare. "It's all
up with you, anyhow. You've polished
off old Mulvaney's pet-heeler, and
you'll get it comin' and goin', for the
gangs turned again ye. Red Mike's
fair cousin, at the mouth to lay hands
on ye, and you're good as convicted

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LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barnaby motored to Indianapolis today.

Frank Donner spent Monday in Indianapolis.

Mrs. James P. Hughes is reported to be critically ill at her home on East Seminary street.

The Boy Scouts will meet at the Commercial Club room Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Tucker and son, of Rushville, will come tomorrow for a visit with Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Tucker.

Mrs. Josephine Lewis and Miss Minna Curran will leave Wednesday, June 11, for Bay View, Mich., where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill, who reside on Sycamore street, are the parents of a son born on Tuesday. The son is the seventh consecutive son born to Mr. and Mrs. Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Swahlen and son, who have been here visiting Mrs. W. F. Swahlen, have returned to their home in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Mary J. Vanlandingham has received a letter from her son, David Vanlandingham, stating that he has arrived safely from overseas and is now at New York.

The missionary society of the Christian church will meet on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Edgar L. Harris at her home on Howard street.

Greencastle Chapter, No. 255, O. E. S., will meet in regular session on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Jennie Gardner, Worthy Matron; Jennie Lane, Secretary.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of College avenue church will meet Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Frisley at her home, 510 East Washington street. A full attendance is desired.

The Women's Circle of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. William Haspel on Columbia street Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

The teachers' examination held Saturday was not as large as former examinations this year. Only seventy-five took the examination. Of these fifty-eight took examination for state teachers' licenses.

The Standard Heating Sales Company, a new company organized to have charge of the sales department of the Standard Heating Company, will establish its offices in Greencastle. It was at first planned to have the sales company offices in Terre Haute, but recently it was decided to bring them to Greencastle.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberts of this city have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Pauline, and Alfred J. Feary, which occurred in Newport, Wash., Wednesday, May 22. Miss Roberts had been teaching in Newport for the past two years. Mr. Feary is in the government forestry service. The bride is popularly known here, having been graduated from the Greencastle high school and having attended DePauw. The young couple will make their home in the West.

CLINTON FALLS.

Clay Lane spent Sunday night with Oscar Rowings.

Mrs. George Pierce has returned home from Indianapolis, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Mose Manker, who is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Thomas and son spent Sunday with Mrs. Sarah Bettis and son, Clay.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bettis and Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Bettis visited Mr. and Mrs. George Pierce, Sunday.

Frank Davison, of Greencastle, spent Sunday with his niece, Miss Lucile Bettis, who is quite ill at this writing.

Zelda Thomas visited Rena Fulford one day last week.

Golda Sachs' little daughter and Sarah Newgent visited Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Spenter, Sunday.

Mrs. Nellie Bettis, Mrs. Emily Boswell, Mrs. Anna Boswell and Mrs. Golda Bee visited Mrs. Eula Staggs, Friday evening.

MAPLE HILL.

The warm weather and locusts are here at last.

Lots of corn planted last week.

Andrew Johnson's went to Fillmore, Sunday afternoon, to visit their daughter, Ola Bain, who is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Wright took dinner at Robert Irwin's, Sunday.

Mrs. Saul Marshall is ill.

Vaughn Dickey and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dickey, Sunday.

Brother Kirk will be at Long Branch the third Lord's Day, June 15. Come and hear him.

James Dillinger is slowly improving from a severe attack of stomach trouble.

Easton Dickey and family attended meeting at Lena, Sunday.

Andrew Johnson has a new automobile.

SOMERSET.

J. F. Wyson has been quite ill the past few days of tonsillitis and heart trouble.

Miss Hester Wallace and Mrs. Ruth Wells were in Indianapolis, Tuesday.

Cecil Pruitt spent a few days with his grandmother the first of the week.

Mrs. Mize is critically ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Bascomb O'Hair, suffering from a stroke of apoplexy.

Several from here attended the high school play at Greencastle last Friday night.

Commencement Friday night of this week, Orville Thomas of this vicinity is a graduate.

Children's exercises at Brick Chapel next Sunday night.

Miss Singleton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Earl O'Hair.

The American food mission and American Red Cross are bringing in the only food that prevents Roumania today from being a nation of starving people.

A Red Cross food boat distributes medical supplies along the Danube and carries units of one doctor and two nurses which go inland to centers where the smallpox epidemic is greatest. American Red Cross physicians are also keeping close touch on the typhus epidemic, which has claimed tens of thousands of lives in Roumania.

Horrid Prospect

FORRID PROSPECT.

"What?" Edgar paused in his walk across the room with one foot raised and viewed with alarm his maternal parent who wore upon her face the conciliatory smile which he had learned of her mother.

"I said," Edgar's mother repeated with great cheerfulness, "that Cora is coming—Cora Kibble—the daughter of my dearest old school friend! Effie—that's Cora's mother—Effie and I have been saying for so long in our letters that it's awful to drift apart and that we'd like—"

"Now, mother!" the young man answered vigorously, "I know you! And I know Effie! You two have married an off to Cora a dozen times and said how sweetly romantic that it should turn out so! Nothing doing. Any girl named Cora is ended for me right there! I know what a Cora girl is like—she has mouse-colored hair dragged back so that her large ears show! And she has a knobby forehead and no figure and wears flat-heeled shoes! She is intensely interested in uplift work, never wasted time on a movie in her life, and prefers gentlemen who wear spectacles and answer 'Quite so!' You can see that we never were intended for one another and it's a shame to make the poor girl squander her life coming here. Can't you wire her mother it's no use?"

"Why, Edgar Gatepost!" his mother cried, when she had regained her breath. "I'm just as ashamed of you as I can be! Cora is coming to visit us without any sort of an idea like that in her head."

"No doubt," agreed the young man, gloomily. "She probably can't break away from her treatise on the Infinity of the Absolute long enough to consider that she is being chucked toward possible matrimony by her designing parent! Cora may be entirely innocent, but I'm deeply suspicious of you and Effie! You are too glib about it to get away with it!"

"Besides, I remember the time when you tried making a match between me and the daughter of that rich sugar man down South! You dragged us together by the hair of our heads, and we shrieked protests in vain and made faces at each other while you kept your gaze away from us and talked fast about subjects, thinking to deceive us and lull us into security!"

"Why, that sugar girl and I hated each other with a volcanic hatred, and she wasn't so impossible either, while I'm certain that under normal conditions she would have considered me a harmless, rather interesting young man! So I cannot feel light-hearted about Cora's approach."

"I know how you will let us break fast alone together, and how you will suggest that she meet me for luncheon and the matinee, if I can get off at the office, and how you constantly will be presenting me with two tickets for the theater and regretting the engagement which keeps you home!"

"No, mother; while I realize that it would give you and Effie joyful words to write each other the rest of your lives, should her daughter marry your son, I'd rather buy you a complete letter writer and let it go at that! Somehow, Cora doesn't strike me!"

"Well," said his mother indignantly, "I never heard you go on so in my life! Cora Kibble is a lovely girl, and I wouldn't ask anything better!"

"Oh, I know you wouldn't!" shouted her son. "But where do I come in? Why wish matrimony upon me when I'm going right along tending to my own affairs and not interfering with any one else? I deserve something better than such a fate."

"I'm sure I don't care if you never get married!" his mother told him, tartly. "It would serve you right if Cora Kibble snubbed you to death! I am sure she can have a perfectly good time with me and the girls here her own age, regardless of whether you bother to be pleasant or not! Effie writes she has more beans—"

"Shucks!" said her son. "That's just the way you beat about me, too! Mothers always do! I'll bet Cora never had a bean in her life! I'm going to be horribly busy the next few weeks at the office anyway—any, where'd this come from?"

The young man in his ambiances about the room had picked up a new photograph of an exceedingly beautiful young woman.

"That?" said his mother, airily. "Oh, that's just Cora Kibble—her mother sent it! The young man she's most enamored to is—"

"Poncherino!" whistled the young man, ecstatically. "Say, why didn't you tell me? What's that about her almost being engaged? I don't believe it! Say, I can save you the trouble of going to meet her at the train just as well as not, if you'll let me!"

Her idea of it.

The sitting room carpet was being taken up preparatory to housecleaning, and little Dorothy, aged 3, was watching the operation with a great deal of childish curiosity and interest. Taking up carpets evidently was something new to her infantile mind. Finally, after some hard thinking on the subject, she looked up at her mother and asked:

"Mamma, is you goin' to let the floor go barefooted?"

Eye to Utility.

"I want a pair of pants."

"Something in rough goods or smooth?"

"Rough, I reckon. I find it harder to scratch matches on."

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How to Light a Six-Room House.

It is no small task even for a good engineer to arrange the lighting of an ordinary six-room house. Of course, when lighting is being considered and figured on, such little items as paint and wall paper make a great difference in the general results. In a general way it is a good rule to use light tints for both paper and paint because they reflect the light and consequently it does not require so many lamps or so much electricity to properly light the house. Dark wall paper absorbs the light and should be avoided as it is impossible to get a good lighting effect with dark tints.

In laying out the plans for the following rooms it is to be understood that the walls and ceilings are tinted a light yellow or a light buff and that the wood work is only a shade or two darker.

Porch light, located directly above the front door with switch in vestibule. An eight candle-power lamp is sufficient.

Reception room, two ornamental ceiling lamp fixtures for Tuxton 32 candle-power, lamps; controlled by button switch on the reception room side of vestibule hall, and also from the head of the stairs. This arrangement is most convenient.

Living-room, planned for two lighting effects. Eight light Tuxton ceiling fixtures controlled from point near reception room entrance. This fixture may be installed so that a push of the button throws on one, two, three or five of the lights. A reading lamp is also provided for the table.

Dining room is lighted with an ornamental pendant lamp hanging from the ceiling. The lamp should be about 40 candle-power.

Kitchen lighting is obtained from a single ceiling lamp switched on or off from wall near dining room entrance.

Bedroom lighting should always be controlled from head of stairs with an indicating switch, enabling one to turn light on before going down stairs and turn it out after returning to the kitchen.

In the modern home of today, where so many electrical appliances are used, it has become quite the fashion to install wall sockets for such conveniences as the electric iron, fans, small motors, chafing dish, cookers, and other heating devices.

The upstairs hall light should be controlled from the head of the stairs. Bed room lighting should be controlled from a point very near the entrance. Wall brackets are used, their position varying with the style of furniture used.

The bathroom should be lighted with a wall lamp on each side of the mirror. Suitable wall sockets for such heating devices as the shaving mug, water heater, massage machine and luminous radiator to be provided. Small Tuxton lamps are suitable for all the upstairs lighting.

Something for Jones.

Drill Sergeant (sarcastically to little Jones, who is constantly out of step)—"Company, all except Private Jones, change step! I really haven't the heart to trouble 'im again!"

CLASSIFIED ADS.

FOR RENT—Five modern rooms. Call phone 564.

CUT THIS OUT AND TAKE IT WITH YOU

A man often forgets the exact name of the article he wishes to purchase, and as a last resort takes something else instead. That is always disappointing and unsatisfactory of getting Chamberlain's Tablets. You will find nothing quite so satisfactory for constipation and indigestion.

MILK—Persons desiring to engage milk to be delivered daily in Greencastle phone Charley Watson, Brick Chapel, at his expense.

Early cabbage plants for sale, 5c a dozen. Phone 506.

FOR THE RELIEF OF RHEUMATIC PAINS

When you have stiffness and soreness of the muscles, aching joints and find it difficult to move without pain try massaging the affected parts with Chamberlain's Liniment. It will relieve the pain and make rest and sleep possible.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

Having dissolved partnership in the auto accessory business, we wish all accounts settled immediately. Mr. MacDonald will continue the accessory and battery business at the same stand. Mr. Cash will continue his vulcanizing work at the old stand for the present.

WILLIAM MACDONALD,
J. E. CASH.

29-31

MR. WISLER CURED OF INDIGESTION

"Some time in 1909 when I had an attack of indigestion and everything looked gloomy to me, I received a free sample of Chamberlain's Tablets by mail. I gave them a trial and they were such a help to me that I bought a package, and I can truthfully say that I have not had a similar attack since," writes Wm. B. Wisler, Douglassville, Pa.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—I have a brand new Singer sewing machine, used only a few times. I will trade for a heifer calf or pigs. This machine cost \$65 and could not be bought new at this time for \$75. White Cleaning Company.

J. Warren Kerr, S. C. Sayers and Fred Hixon drove to Indianapolis on Friday morning and spent the day playing golf at the Riverside golf course.

BOOZE IS NOT A GOOD CURE.

(From the Ames, Iowa, Intelligencer.)
When a man comes to you all doubled up with pain and declares he will die in your presence unless you procure him a drink of whiskey, send him to a doctor or else give him a dose of Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhea Remedy. There is a mistaken notion among a whole lot of people that booze is the best remedy for colic and stomach ache.

MAN LOSES HOPE.

"For ten years I suffered severely from stomach trouble. The doctors said I had cancer of the stomach and nothing would do but an operation. I took my last round of May's Wonderful Remedy two and a half years ago. Since then I sleep well, eat what I want and feel fine." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. For sale by druggists everywhere.—Adv.

BLACK HAWK.

The Cagle Mill will be ready for operation in a short time.

Report is that we are to have a grocery store located near the Cagle mill, then all we will need is an aeroplane and an automobile factory to complete our city.

Manuel Neese, who has been with the American army in France for over one year, writes that he will soon be home.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Craft visited at Carrie Neese's, Sunday.

William Evans visited his brother near Greencastle, Sunday.

J. L. Breedlove has sold his farm and has moved to Indianapolis.

Charles Sargent and family were seen here, Sunday.

Maurice Gibson is preparing to build a new house.

OPERA HOUSE

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Doors Open 6:30 Two Shows Show Starts 7:00

PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

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Episode No. 1

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Admission Fifteen Cents

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HORSE TOOTH HURLEY'S RETURN

By Edwin Carlisle Litsey.

With the coming of spring the woman-hunger awoke in the deep, hairy chest of Horsetooth Hurley.

The mountains of Kentucky and the mountains of Tennessee are topographically similar, but to Horsetooth Hurley the mountains of Kentucky were home, and the mountains of Tennessee were exile.

Five months before, harassed and hounded by the implacable pursuit of United States Deputy Marshal Juliver, a man who refused to recognize danger, and who was tireless on the trail, Hurley had deemed it expedient to make himself scarce for a season, arguing with native shrewdness that this lapse of time would soften, if not efface, the heinousness of his crime against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth.

He had broken laws all his life, and had never been called to account. He had stolen, he had killed, had made whisky and sold it. But when he brutally murdered Juliver's working partner, Clayton, he made a mistake.

In less than a week from the time of the event he knew it.

Something was at his heels which he couldn't shake. Something which stalked his every movement with the silent relentlessness of death, and which he felt would get him sooner or later. He sent a courier to his clansmen.

They responded, but found nothing viable upon which to wreak their wrath. Then a superstitious fear seized upon the great, bushy-headed outlaw, and he knew terror for the first time.

He would have to run; there was no help for it. He must put himself beyond the reach of this thing which stalked him, and which was steadily outstripping him on his own ground.

So one rainy night, when the sky was filled with flying lead, he rode Missy good - by under the projecting shelter of Rattler Rock, whether she had come in answer to his urgent message, and lured for the tall timber of Tennessee.

He had no difficulty in finding lodging with some of his ilk, and it was in a log cabin tucked in a crease of an isolated range that he wintered. There was nothing to this cabin but a small room and a loft, and the family which harbored him numbered eleven, but they were very comfortable.

If the weather was not too bad the visitor would go abroad with his gun in quest of any possible game; if deep snows blocked the slopes, he would sit in a bark-bottomed chair at one side of the broad hearth, and have his "say" with the others.

At first the younger children were frightened at the facial deformity because of his ingenious appearance was bestowled; but Horsetooth very wisely saw to it that the two white, projecting fangs of enormous size which gleamed through the tangled growth about his mouth were really something to laugh at, and not to dread.

He bunked up stairs on a shuck pallet, sharing the loft with half a dozen of the older children. The winter was hard, and while the cold stayed the exile managed well enough.

Two or three warm days came, near the last of February, and he snuffed the air and looked north.

This was followed by another drop in temperature of about ten days' duration; then one night a warm, moist wind came gliding through the hollows and over the barren hills.

Horsetooth, sleeping in his clothes with his shoes kicked off, awoke early and smelled the message of the approaching spring.

Then, like many another man has done, he lay there and thought of a girl.

She was not his yet. The promise that she ever would be his was only half-way given. He traced again their meeting, and his brief, fiery courtship. She lived with her father only back on Turkey-Foot, a section tolerably remote from her own habitat. Early the autumn before he had chanced upon her gathering chickadees.

She was a veritable flame of wild womanhood; scarlet-lipped, sensually rounded. It was the animal call alone which shook Hurley like a spasm when he first saw her. Any better thing was impossible with him, for he was utterly pagan, as his ancestors had been for generations. But he was sly, another primal trait.

The girl had been coy to his guarded advances. His fang-set mouth repelled her, too. But she let him come to see her, and the tales which he told of his prowess had a wonderful effect upon her.

Then he made his great mistake with Clayton, the working partner of Juliver! It cut his pride keenly to have to leave as he did. His courting had taken a more favorable turn, and he was looking forward to setting up housekeeping soon with Lindy. He had come to call her Missy, an uncouth effort to create a tender diminutive.

She still hung back, possessing that inherent reluctance to yield shared by all her sex, whatever their station; but Hurley saw signs of capitulation. Then the thing had drawn so near one night that he scented its clutches only

by a sunnie piece of woodcraft, and the succeeding night Rattler Rock had shielded him and Lindy as he said farewell.

His bunk-mate, a half-grown boy, turned in his sleep, flung a soft arm across Horsetooth's neck, and sighed gently. Coming on the heels of his reflections, the movement and the sigh were far from quieting to the exile.

He stirred restlessly, rolled over to the floor, groped for his shoes and put them on, then stole down the ladder, and a few minutes later was outdoors.

A week of gradually increasing warmth, then all around pale-green shoots were thrusting through the brown mold, bird calls sounded from grove thickets, and in the hairy breast of Horsetooth Hurley a hunger he could no longer withstand.

He set out one gray morning by starlight, a rough, gigantic shadow moving noiselessly between the trees and among the fantastic boulders on the mountain.

The way was long, and his hardened thighs held not their accustomed vigor because of his recent inactivity; but there was some subtle force coursing through his rugged frame which caused him to smile volubly as he thought of the many miles ahead.

All those miles led through the red-brown wilderness, for the "cut" of the outlaw was great, and three long years a reward had been standing, unclaimed, for the man with the big ears.

He was marked in a manner he could not hide, strive as he did to cover the brand with overhanging hair from his upper lip. So easy walking along the highways was forbidden to this outlaw.

At the expiration of a week he had covered a hundred and fifty miles, and had crossed the State line. Day after day, he rode him sure before the law had been a pale.

His eye perceived him food; a hayrack or a deserted outbuilding gave shelter when he slept. The careless talking had made him care and stiff at last; but this soon gave way to a nervous weariness, and then every morning found him refreshed and eager for the trail.

One day, traveling a ravine with jagged, craggy sides, he saw a dogwood bush in bloom. He stopped abruptly and stared at the woman whose peaks with their hair a crown, when he crossed a low fence, and a woman stroked his protruding teeth with a grimmer armed knuckle.

"I told 'er I'd be back with them 'limes come!"

Suddenly he wheeled as in quick fury, and began tearing and crawling his way up the thickly wooded slope to his right. It was a hard climb, for the ground was rough and the incline steep.

His objective point, too, was a pin-point which rose high above the general level of the range. He soon attained the coveted position, however, and, standing panting deep, hollow-like breaths, he scanned the horizon in every direction with fierce intention.

A stranger to the vast areas of almost primeval grandeur would have found nothing distinctive in the all but uniform perspective. Endless reaches of huge brown ridges, with their corresponding valleys, was all.

The exile on the craggy peak looked north and northeast to the south where in that direction lay the promised land of his desire. For a quarter of an hour he stood, gazing at the rough hole of a stunted oak, and leaning forward toward his yet unlocated goal, perplexity on his face and fire in his eyes.

"Thirty yistiddy; thirty-five to-day!" he muttered, calculating the miles of his progress. "Damit! ain't lost!"

Again he leaned from his airy perch and strained his eyes at the baffling distance.

"Little Goose inter Big Goose; Big Goose inter Elkhorn." The words fluttered in his mind from his scarcely moving lips. He was thinking—thinking—and his inability to place his present position was maddening. "Rat-tail Point runs north 'n' Ol' Boss 'twix 'em."

He dropped his rifle and shaded his eyes with his free hand. Then perhaps, because of some atmospheric change, perhaps because his concentrated vision focused at that moment on the right spot, far, far, far away he discerned what appeared to be only a towering peak of mist of sufficient density to give it shape. But great joy leaped up to the wild face of Horsetooth Hurley.

"It's Ol' Boss! It's Ol' Boss!" he whispered to the emptiness around. "Turkey-Foot's other side, 'n' Missy!"

He drew back and began to laugh in a choked, foolish way; then fell to kicking the loose stones which lay about, and some dry grass-tuts with a mottled-bluish moss at their bases. Frequently thereafter as he journeyed that day snatches of a silly, jiggling tune burst from him, and once or twice he leaped high into the air without apparent reason and smote his heels together.

The second night from this day he lay at the cabin of Tod Singer, twenty miles from Turkey-Foot.

"What's doin' 'mongst 'n' about?" queried the wanderer, as he and Tod, a squat, taciturn chap, sat on the split-log doorstep after a twilight supper. They had each taken a chew from Tod's twist, for Hurley's tobacco had given out on the march.

Tod grunted and shifted one booted foot.

"Huh?" Horsetooth mildly insisted.

"Ain't steered 'bout much," grumbled Tod.

Silence on the door-step, and the clatter of dishes within, where Tod's

woman was wrestling with the supper things. The children had been hustled up to the loft immediately after eating.

"Hard winter down whur I bin visitin'," Hurley ventured, after the lapse of a few minutes.

"Wunst ever," assented Tod, squirting tobacco juice to one side.

A screech-owl swooped past on silent wings and balanced itself on the limb of a pine near by.

"Damn that bird!" cursed Horsetooth, his face darkening.

"Bad luck," agreed Tod, and began to move his jaw slowly and rhythmically.

Presently the exile squirmed as he sat and darted a look of annoyance at his glum companion. He wanted news, and the chances seemed slim.

"Ain't had speech 'th nobody from Rat-tail or Turkey-Foot?" he persisted, shifting his glance to the bird of ill omen and scowling blackly. He believed firmly in "signs."

Tod continued to masticate the savory weed, and his questioner waited for an answer could scarcely fail to come in time.

After a silence of considerable length Tod spat again, drew the palm of his hand over his mouth, and said: "My woman tol' me thur's some stink 'n' nother raised over nigh Turkey—here he turned his head at a right angle without moving his comfortably seated body—"Elder Kate! Whur's that yam Rosy Lou's tellin' you?"

The rattling of cooking utensils ceased, and a thin, hard-featured voice gave answer:

"Come stranger meddlin' 'round our thur, blotted up Long Joe's still 'n' put out fur town 'th Long Joe himself. Good fur the pen, 'n' low. He alius wuz a mort'l keepers pun'n; now he's got kitched 'n' took off."

The news did not sit well with Horsetooth. Long Joe's still was not over a mile from Lindy's home. Could it be—could it be possible? At that instant the screech owl wailed its chromatic cry, a creepy sound under ordinary conditions.

To Horsetooth the conditions had in that moment grown extraordinary, and the not unamused babble of the night bird roused him to sudden fury. He bent forward, his fingers sweeping the ground for a missile. He found a stone, arose and hurled it at the offending object.

"Damn, yo' creakin' soul!" he yelled.

The bird, unharmed, glided out into the gathering darkness.

"Kind o' techous, ain't yo'?" asked Tod, with a harmless chuckle, as his guest resumed his seat.

"Never could stand 'em," replied Horsetooth gloomily, and relapsed into silence. He could think only of the possibility that his Nemesis had returned alone, and was waiting for him.

It was mid-afternoon next day when he drew near old man Follergill's cabin. Lindy was gathering in the wash, strung on a piece of rope stretched from one corner of the cabin to a tree which stood near. A thrill of grey in intensity the closer he advanced possessed Horsetooth.

What a fine sight the girl was; her round arms bare above the elbow, her blue cotton dress loosened at the throat showing the firm, round column of her neck, her heavy hair partly disordered. He walked straight to her and held out his hand.

"Howdy, Missy," he said, watching her warily.

Whether she had sighted his approach he could not say, but he thought she shook hands as though she didn't care very much.

"Thought you wasn't comin' a-tall!" she replied, calmly turning from him to remove the last garment from the line, then bending to place it in the hickory bark basket of native make.

Her tones made the man quake inwardly. Something had changed her since the stormy night when she stood within the circle of his arm under Rattler Rock. Jealousy gave the next words to his tongue.

"Whut's the matter, Lindy? Whur's bin foolin' 'round here while I a'way?" At this the girl's manner changed magically.

"Don't be a fool, Mr. Hurley!" Coming closer, she laughed roughly in his face. "Don't you s'pose a gel's got a right to put if she's been a-lookin' fur a man fur a week?"

"Whut!—Whut!—Missy!" he stammered in confused joy, then swept on long arm toward her belated waist.

"You! Don't!" she exclaimed, and darted aside with the silent swiftness of a hare. A few feet away she halted, and turned with her upper teeth glistening between smile-drawn lips. "In broad daylight! Ain't you 'shamed'?"

Horsetooth twisted his broad shoulders and gazed at her helplessly. Then suddenly passion gripped his brain, and he strode forward. Lindy's coquettishness fled on the instant. She turned and spoke seriously:

"Tote the basket to the house. This ain't no time fur prankin'!"

The man's fierce ardor cooled under the half cold command. Reluctantly enough he obeyed. Standing with one hand on the jamb of the low door, he looked at her steadily, desperately.

"I'm a comin' to see you to-night," he said.

"At moonup," she replied, her head bent so that he could not see her face.

He knew the moon rose about eight. He did not know why she had put the hour for his call so late, but he was in no mood to question a valid reason or a harmless whim, whichever it might be.

As he gazed upon her some hidden well of human tenderness and longing opened in Horsetooth's barbaric heart and made his next words almost gentle.

"You'll be glad to see me, Missy—little gel?"

Lindy sat upon the bench by which she stood, stuck her feet out, and brought the toes of her little rough shoes together. It was the action of a child. She nodded her head.

"Yea—at moonup," she replied.

He wondered why she didn't look at him, and all at once black doubt cast its shadow across his brain. He dropped upon the bench close beside her, his face hard.

"Yistiddy I heard 'bout Long Joe," he said, his breathing almost as loud as his words. "Whur's 'im?"

For a moment the girl did not answer. During that moment she lifted her chin and fastened the button of her frock at the base of her neck. The buttonhole was small, and she made a grimace before the brief task was finished.

"Ten days ago pap come home 'n' tol' me 'bout 'im," she replied very quietly. "He didn't say who twer. I'll ax 'im when he comes to-night to supper." She added, an instant later:

"He's a young feller? Missy, 'twan't him—him—him?"

Pride curbed his tongue.

"I tol' you pap didn't say," she repeated.

She arose, and turned partly from him.

"I got some sewin' to do 'fo' night. Pap's turble hard on 'is shirts, 'pears lak."

Her caller took the hint, and heavily brought his big body upright.

"Good-by, then, tel' night," he said but his voice was troubled.

She passed just within the room, and merely glared at him. "You c'n come a little 'fo' moonup, if you wan' to."

"Shore thing!" he called back, his chest suddenly growing light. "That sounds lak the Missy I tol' 'er 'fall! Good-by!"

He waved his arm in an awkward sweep, and moved with long steps down the winding path which led to the spring in the hollow below.

When Horsetooth Hurley walked into the square of yellow lamplight which streamed from the open door of the cabin, it lacked a good half-hour until moonrise. He took off his greasy soft hat and bent his head to clear the low lintel.

The room was not large. It was furnished with three stiff chairs, a table, and a small bed, which was Lindy's. Old man Follergill slept in the loft. There was a window across from the door.

The logs and chinking inside were identical with the logs and chinking outside; but a few lithographs and colored pictures tacked up among them the section of a torn circus bill—showed an attempt at ornamentation.

There was also a cheap, cracked mirror, which had to be looked at from a certain angle to procure a true reflection, and over the broad fireplace a plank, which rested upon huge wooden posts, served for a mantel. There was a shiny, tussy little alarm-clock in the center of the mantel; a chipped blue china bowl at one end and a wasp's nest at the other.

The floor was of undressed boards, and bare. On a shelf between the window and the mirror a lamp was burning, with the wick turned as high as possible without smoking the chimney, which reflected the recent scrubbing and polishing it had received.

Lindy, arrayed in a freshly laundered red calico frock without a collar, turned from the mirror as she heard a heavy, but eager tread on the door-step.

"Why!" she exclaimed rebukingly, and pointed toward the clock.

Horsetooth stopped just within the room, a little uncertain.

"You tol' me—" he began.

"I said a little 'fo'!" Her arm was still extended accusingly.

Horsetooth couldn't tell time. But he saw that the outland arm was bare to the elbow, as was his mate, and the feeling he had been right—all that afternoon surged up afresh. He tossed his hat on the floor.

"Don't pester a fellow thing-way, Missy!" he pleaded. "What does a few minutes matter w'en I've be'n 'way so long?"

"Well," she acceded slowly, "but you'll have to leave quicker. Draw up a cheer 'n' res' yo'self."

She took one with her back to the lamp, and Horsetooth was soon seated fronting her, as closely as he dared come.

"Lokin' mighty purty to-night," opined Horsetooth, smirking. He twisted his chair as if it were uncomfortable, and managed in this way to get it a few inches nearer the girl.

"Now, lis'n at you!" retorted Lindy.

She began to fold and refold the cotton handkerchief which lay in her lap, an occupation which seemed to fascinate Mr. Hurley, for he watched the movements of her brown but shapely fingers with set gaze.

"N' I never seen sich a little han' fur a woman o' your size!" he continued. "Looks good 'nough to bite!" he added.

"I don't see no sense in that kind o' talk," she answered demurely, beginning a new pattern with the much-crescented handkerchief.

Horsetooth leaned forward with his forearms across his knees.

"You know whut I mean, Missy; whut I'm a tryin' to git at."

He spoke seriously and persuasively.

"You know if a feller c'n stay 'way from a gel fur five long months 'n' then hike back to 'er, he's bound to have a pow'ful big feelin' fur that gel. That's sense, Missy, 'n' you know it is. I'll be a good man to you—I swar I will! So let's fix it up right here, 'n' quit foolin' 'bout it."

She flung him a quick glance and changed the subject.

"Whur's yo' gun?" she demanded in a surprised tone, as though she had just noticed its absence.

"Never brought it," he replied, all but sullenly. He sat erect as he spoke. "Ain't you got no we'p'n a-tall?" she continued in a puzzled manner.

Horsetooth's hand went to his belt far back over his left hip.

"Got a popgun, o' coase. Wear it lak I do my shoes."

"Oh, I ax'd pap 'bout Long Joe!" she went on briskly. "He tol' me thur's a bunch of 'em spried 'im; all of 'em young fellers."

She jumped up and crossed the room to a box which sat in a corner. As she knelt by this she spoke again: "Pap went down to whur Long Joe's still was 'n' he brought some'n' to me. Some'n' he foun' thur in the leaves. He laughed w'en he give it to me, but wouldn't tell me whut it wuz. Maybe you know."

She arose and came to her caller with a pair of brightly polished hand-cuffs dangling from her fingers.

"Fanny lookin' thing, ain't it?" she said, resting one hand upon his shoulder and holding the sinister steel concern toward him.

Horsetooth shrank back with a choked oath, as from an adder.

Then he came conscious of the touch on his shoulder, and smiled, forgetting for once the disgusting fangs thus thrown into prominence.

"Then? Them's bracelets!" he said, but he did not take them.

"You're fannin'!" she retorted, playfully giving him a push.

Horsetooth's blood ran faster, and now he laughed softly.

"Them's the kind o' bracelets they put on me 'n' Long Joe w'en they 'catch 'em," he explained. "The officers mus' 'a los' 'em."

"Fur do they work? Take 'em 'n' show 'em," said Lindy in a honeyed voice which almost routed the inherent craft of the outlaw.

Gingerly he allowed the shining things to drop into his hand.

"Now—how?" pleaded the girl coaxingly, and the man felt her form against his lightly as she moved closer.

The blood hammered in his ears and dimmed his vision with its furious racing.

"Round" the wrist—that-a-way," With finger and thumb he encircled his arm.

"Twer'd do it!" she denied. "Shove me 'th it!"

She was bending over him; a long curl fell softly upon his forehead.

But he held back from the demonstration she asked. How he hated the slender, curving bands! She saw his shaggy head shake in refusal.

He was sitting uncouthly with knees well apart; and now Lindy quickly slipped between them and sat upon one, with her arm around the stubborn neck.

"For me!" she cooed, lifting her flushed face.

Thereat he flung his arms around her with a muffled gasp, and strained her rounded body to him. She was passive his arms relaxed.

"Now," she whispered—"now you will!"

Gazing upon her face in a dull, uncomprehending way, Horsetooth slowly brought his gaunt, hairy wrists into proximity.

"Take 'em 'n' try yo'self," he muttered thickly, unsuspecting of the girl's intention.

"This way!" she asked coyly, passing the steel circlets around each brown veined arm.

"See? Don't snap 'em!" Horsetooth warned, but two sharp clicks blanged with the words as the band-cuffs snapped together.

Lindy leaped lightly to her feet and darted to one side.

"No monkey business, now, Horsetooth!" came the steady voice of Juliver from the doorway, where he stood with a leveled revolver.

The victim whirled and faced about as he jumped up.

"The girl and I turned the trick, all right," went on Juliver; "an' I reckon Clayton'll rest easier from no' on."

Horsetooth glared in silence at the twin, for Delilah had crept to the stalwart officer's side, where, clinging to his disengaged arm, she peered fearfully at the tower of strength she had betrayed.

Then the outlaw sank back into his chair, and his big head fell forward with a groan which might have been an echo from the last moment on Calvary.—Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.

A Serious Question.

"Father!" said the youngest Scott.

"Noo," said his sire, "if it's only main of yer stoopid questions, awa' ye gang. I've telt ye already that I dinna ken whither a man who does guid is a guid-doer or a do-quider or whither the seat o' war is what the standin' army sits down on. If it's a reddeous question of that kind, awa' ye gang to bed!"

"But paw, it's a serious question."

"Weel, oot wi' it!"

"I want to know, paw, what the Dead Sea died of?"

"Awa' to bed wi' ye!"

A Bright Girl.

Three young chaps were eating in the dining-room at one of Pittsburgh's pleasure parks, and incidentally were trying to flirt with the pretty waitress.

After devouring everything in sight, they decided to have some ice cream and cake.

"What kind will you have? Devil's food, plain or nut cake?" asked the waitress.

"Give me devil's food," said two of them, and the other asked for walnut cake.

"Two devils and one nut," cried the bright young girl.

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